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PUNCH OFFICE, 85, FLEET STREET,  
AND SOLD BY ALL BOOKSELLERS.

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## MY DIARY NORTH AND SOUTH, BY W. H. RUSSELL, LL.D.

THIS WORK CONSISTS ENTIRELY OF ORIGINAL MATTER, AND IS ALTOGETHER DISTINCT FROM THE LETTERS TO "THE TIMES."  
BRADBURY AND EVANS, 11, Bouverie Street, Fleet Street, E.C.

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LITTLE JONES (who of course is not a bit afraid of the Garotters), sotto voce. "I wonder what the dooce that low-looking fellow means by always trying to get behind me."

### GAROTTER HUNTERS WANTED.

(A Confidential Letter to FRANK FALLOWFIELD, Esq., of Cyder Court, Devonshire.)

"DEAR FRANK,

"You recollect what fun we had with old SQUIRE DINGLE's otter hounds that day by Brawley Bottom, and how, you blackguard, you kept chaffing me about my Cockney way of living, and wondered how a fellow ever could be fool enough to waste his life in London, where there was no chance of his enjoying any sport. Well now, if you'll just come and spend a week with me this Christmas, I think I can convince you to the contrary of that. I can't give you any other hunting, but if you want a new sensation, what d'ye say, my boy, to a night's Garotter hunting? We have got together a splendid pack this season, and the game is still so plentiful that I'll bet we'll show you some really first-rate sport.

"To tempt you up, old chap, I'll just describe the way in which we go to work. The meet takes place at some man's rooms at eight o'clock p.m. (on foggy evenings generally we meet at six o'clock) and when we've got our pack together, we throw off in the direction where we think it likeliest that we shall see some sport. To start the game, one of the hunters, who is armed with a spiked collar, and has a spine of little daggers bristling down his back, proceeds at a slow pace along some quiet square or street, assuming as he does so a rather tipsy gait. His corkscrew gyrations are sure to start the Garotter if there be one in sight, and when the vermin has once broken ground and fastened on his prey, the pack, who are provided with stout hunting-whips and cudgels, rush in and give the brute a thundering good thrashing, and then pass him over to the hands of the police.

"If Garotter-hunting clubs were established about town, I think that they would soon exterminate the animal: for judging by the way in which he shrieks and squeals, there is nothing he hates more than being soundly thrashed. This you know he never is when hunted down by the police, who have orders, I believe, to treat him with all tenderness, and not to hurt a hair of the precious creature's head. When run to earth in gail he is well fed and never thrashed, and so of course the breed is largely on the increase, and there is little fear at present of

### A NURSERY RHYME FOR THE CRAWLEY SPARROWCIDES.

"SPARROW MURDER.—A country paper of this week has the following announcement:—Crawley Sparrow Club.—The annual dinner took place at the George Inn on Wednesday last. The first prize was awarded to Mr. J. RUSSELL, Worth, for having destroyed within the year 1,467. Mr. HEATHMAN took the second, with 1,448 destroyed. Mr. STONE third, with 982 adzed. Total destroyed, 11,944. Old birds, 8,000; young ditto, 723; eggs, 2,550.—Times.

Who killed Cock-sparrow?

"I," said three men of Crawley,  
With my club in my mawley,  
"I killed Cock-sparrow!"

Who saw him die?

"I," said Caterpillar,  
"And I blessed sparrow-killer,  
As I saw him die."

Who'll dance on his grave?

"I," said Mr. Slug,  
"With Green fly and Red-bug,  
We'll dance on his grave."

Who'll weep for his loss?

"I," said young Wheat-shoot,  
Fruit, and Flower-bud and root,  
We'll weep for his loss."

### The Liquidation that is Wanted.

MONS. DE LESSERS is said to have expressed his great delight at seeing the waters of the Mediterranean flow into one of the tributary canals that are to cut through the Isthmus of Suez. We have no doubt that the great engineer overflowed with joy on the happy occasion, but we fancy what would give him greater pleasure than anything else would be to see the subscriptions flow in. But the question is, where is the Bank that they are to come from?

### THOUGHT ON TRANSPORTATION.

As we don't hang our criminal rubbish at home, we had better shoot it abroad.

there being no Garotters found to hunt. If we wish to clear our streets of the vermin that infest them, we must get good beaters and set them well to work. So, as you have a good biceps, I hope that you'll come up and have a jolly run with our Garotter hunting pack; and meanwhile believe me, my dear boy,

"Yours in all sincerity,

"Bludgeon Buildings, Tuesday."

"EPAMINONDAS JONES."

### SUBTERRANEAN NEWS.

MR. PUNCH invited the Underground Railway people to come forth with a statement of their reasons for delaying the opening of their line. With the usual deference which all well-regulated associations show to any suggestion by Mr. Punch (it is in fact so suicidal in any person to neglect Mr. Punch's slightest hint that the not answering him and the appearing in the *Gazette* of Bankruptcy is one and the same thing, to quote Miss Miggins) the railway people immediately issued an apology in the *Times*. They state that the Fleet Ditch irruption delayed the completion of the Farringdon Street terminus, but that all is now ready, from the lunch that is to welcome Mr. Punch on the opening day (he trusts that this remark does not apply to the oysters, as he has a predilection for fresh ones) to the velvet trousers of the porters. The directors hope to open on the 22nd. In his turn, Mr. Punch hopes that they will keep all their officials in a high state of temperance during the Christmas week, and even if extreme speed has to be sacrificed while experience is being learned in the Sewer, the motto had better be "slow and sewer," rather than swift and smash. Being deeply interested in this great bore, he makes no excuse for the hint, indeed catch him making excuses for anything. The notification that the rail is to be open has produced a most extraordinary phenomenon in the New Road, and he has heard, but of course allows for exaggeration, that seven omnibus cads have spoken civilly to passengers during the past week, and that one, to whom a threepenny piece was tendered by mistake for fourpence, requested the other penny without a single offensive expression. Competition is the true missionary of humanity.

## A RUINOUS INQUIRY.



GREAT deal has been written of late in the *Lancet*, the *Cornhill*, and other publications, on *The Effect of Railways on the Health*. A poor disheartened shareholder wishes that some great analytical inquirer would start another scientific investigation, which is no less important than the above, and that is *The Effects of Railways on the Pocket*. He is convinced that the result would be to the full as disastrous, and even more ruinous, in the latter than in the former instance. He doubts, as far as he is concerned, whether his monetary system will ever be able to get over the shock it has received from having continued to trust itself so long to the mercies of railways. He wishes most heartily that his pocket had never had anything to do

with them. The constant collisions, the numerous accidents, the alarming ups and downs of the Stock Exchange, the incessant vibrations of the railway market, that no break, or number of breaks, could possibly control, have all conspired to shorten it to that extent that all its functions have become completely paralysed. Every symptom of circulation, he says, has long since ceased.

## THE JOLLY CONVICTS.

*A Cantata (after BURNS).*

## RECITATIVO.

WHEN working men, ill-fed, ill-clad,  
From cold and clamouring brats are glad  
Bedwards to make retreat,  
When humble traders count the gains  
Of long ahop hours, or rack their brains  
How to make both ends meet,  
A troop of gaol-birds right and tight,  
O'er best of drink and victual,  
At The Thieves' Kitchen, made a night  
To wet a pal's acquittal  
With chaffing and laughing  
They ranted and they sang,  
With jumping and thumping  
The boozing ken it rang.

First next the fire, all bounce and brag  
Over the evening's feats and swag,  
Sat a tip-top garrotter;  
To squeeze a aerag he boasts the skill,  
No sneaking prig to draw a till,  
Or o'er a pocket potter.  
His comforts near,—his fancy lass,  
His bull-pup, black and tan,—  
He sucked his pipe, and flowed his glass,  
As late he floored his man.  
Off rump-steak and oysters  
He'd managed to sup,  
Then boisterous he roysters  
And tuneful strikes up.

## AIR.—"Soldier's Joy."

My name it is BILL SYKES, I've got the best of tykes,  
And a gal who ha'n't her likes, wherever she comes.  
This here tucker was a bloke's, that I sarved with hearty-chokes,  
And this reader was a moker's, as got his windpipe 'twixt my thumbs.

When my 'prenticeship was past, folks had a different taste,  
And lagging used to last to the land o' kingdom come.  
In the hulks a cove was laid, and the cat it freely played,  
And skilley you was made to eat—oh warn't it glum!

I've had my seven long year, in a chain-gang so severe,  
As snug as I sets here, with my pipe, and pup, and pal;

But now I've JARR to pet me, and, if nabbed, my ticket get me,  
And out agin to let me go garrotting, with my gal.

Oh, it's rare times for us prigs: in quod we runs our rigs,  
As merry as the grigs, on the best o' grub and snoosie;  
They cockers up in prison him as bones what isn't his'n,  
To the chaplain if he'll listen and come the holy blues.

What if there's bars and locks? there's no hard lines or hard knucks,  
Like a sparkler in a box, you're laid up in cotton wool;  
While poor hard-working coppers they lives as hard as somers,  
And to keep us artful dodgers out their rates is forced to pull!

## RECITATIVO.

He ended, and the kitchen shook,  
With such a mighty roar,  
That down Fox Court the blues<sup>1</sup> deigned look,  
Then speed on as before.

A nobby cracksman, WILLIAM's pal,  
Cried 'brayvo' and 'hencore',  
But up arose BILL SYKES's gal,  
And laid the loud uproar.

## AIR.—Soldier Laddie.

I once was a green 'un, I cannot tell when,  
And still I can come the green game, now and then;  
'A short life and a pleasant' was always my motto,  
No wonder I'm fond of my gallant garrotter.  
Sing, lal de lai, &c.

The first of my loves was an "area sneak,"  
With a basket of tracts, and no end of a cheek;  
But his four year he got, when, pulled up at a gate,  
They twigged 'neath his tracts all the family plate.

So he being quodded<sup>1</sup>, left me in the lurch,  
And I took up with one as faked clys<sup>2</sup> out o' church;  
Till being cotched out with his hand in a fob,  
He got a long turn at the Trench<sup>3</sup> for the job.

And then I grew tired of the whole low-lived lot,  
And an out-and-out nobby swell-mobsmen I got;  
And I stalled<sup>4</sup> as he faked, and I lived like a lady,  
Till I left him, along of his growin' unsteady.

And then I took up with my WILLIAM there,  
And we lives well-beknown, quite a model young pair:  
I looks on a covey, so smilin' and smug,  
Vich BILL comes behind him and puts on the hug.<sup>5</sup>

I've tried on most lurks and most lays, broad and long,  
But garottin's the game for the brave and the strong;  
I'm von must look up to the man that I likes,  
Which towards him I looks, with your health, my BILL SYKES!

## RECITATIVO.

Then next outspoke an ancient beldam,  
Sober in gaol but out o'it seldom:  
In quod her warmest welcome found,  
Of England's jugs she'd run the round;  
Her earliest love, in days long past,  
For highway robbery had been cast,  
Now, memory stirring, she began  
To wail her old High-to-by-man.<sup>6</sup>

## AIR.—John Highlandman.

In better times my love was born,  
Your flimpy and faking<sup>7</sup> he'd hold in scorn;  
He did the trick on a different plan,  
My gallant, gay High-to-by-man.  
Sing, hey, my bold High-to-by-man,  
Sing, ho, my bold High-to-by-man,  
Let your flimpy and fakers match if they can  
The deeds of my bold High-to-by-man!

With his brace of barkers and vizor black,  
As he spurred along on his thorough-bred hack,  
The bar-maid's hearts he did trepan,  
My gallant, gay High-to-by-man!  
Sing, hey, &c.

His "stand and deliver," was frank and fair,  
And he took his swag with so high an air,  
That the ladies to like being robbed began  
By my gallant, gay High-to-by-man!  
Sing, hey, &c.

As a lifer, alas! beyond the sea  
They banished my fancy-man from me;  
But he gave 'em leg-bail, and home he ran,  
My gallant, gay High-tohy-man.  
Sing, hey, &c.

But the runners they nabbed him at the last,  
And in Newgate nobbled him hard and fast.  
On judge and jury I lay my ban,  
That tuck'd up my own High-tohy-man.  
Sing, hey, &c.

Since then a widdier I'm left to mourn  
The High-tohy times that will ne'er return;  
And with flimpery and fakers put up as I can,  
For there's never a bold High-tohy-man!  
Sing, hey, &c.

#### RECITATIVE.

She ceased—loud rang the kitchen walls  
With chaff and cries and feling calls,  
And groans for bad old times,  
When gaols were cold and dark within,  
And fetters thick and cruel thin,  
And hardships followed crimes.  
Then loud and long the jovial throng  
Did WILLIAM SYKES request  
Out of his stock to choose a song,  
A ballad of the best.  
He uprearing, and cleming  
His bellows sonorous,  
Deep-chested requested  
The help of a "Tehorus."

Air.—"Jolly Mortals, fill your Glasses."

See the heavy-wet before us,  
Newgate nob in jovial ring,  
Gents, I'll thank you for a tehorus,  
Here's the ditty we should sing.

Chorus.—A fig for quod! By JERN protected,  
Terrors of the jug have ceased:  
Fit for gents we've gaoles erected,  
And on ticket we're released.

What is Dartmoor, if you're quiet?  
What 's Bermuda, when you're there?  
Easy work and ample diet,  
With the Chaplain if you're square.  
A fig, &c.

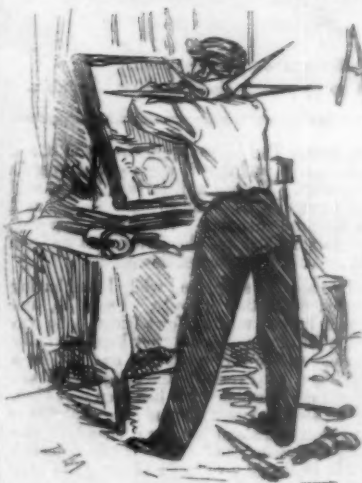
Pitch in pious fudge and fable,  
He will swallow all you say;  
And it's hard if you ain't able  
To knock half your term away.  
A fig, &c.

Quod o'er flats hang in terrorem,  
But don't talk to us as knows;  
If they stops our pipe and jorum,  
That 's about the worst they does.  
A fig, &c.

Here's to JERN and his leave-tickets,  
That when cooves a rest has ta'en,  
Opening their prison-wickets,  
Sets 'em on the loose again.  
A fig, &c.

1. Sykes, a watch.
2. Sykes, a man in the name of Sykes.
3. Sykes, a pocket-book.
4. Sykes, a donkey; here used metaphorically for a foolish fellow.
5. Sykes, transportation.
6. Sykes, gruel.
7. Sykes and means, bed and board.
8. Sykes the holy blues, affect pious penitence.
9. Sykes Court, the site of the Thieves' Kitchen.
10. Sykes, Policeman.
11. Quodded, imprisoned.
12. Sykes clyps out of church, picked pockets at a church door.
13. Sykes Trench, the Penitentiary, Millbank.
14. Sykes Stilled, I covered his operations as he picked pockets.
15. Sykes puts on the lay, the technical phrase for the garotter's choke.
16. Sykes tohy-man, highway-man.
17. Sykes pinching and fudging, garotting and pocket-picking.

### THE SONG OF THE ANTI-GAROTTER.



ALL round my neck, I  
wear a spiked steel  
collar,  
A revolver and a bowie-  
knife I carry up my  
sleeves,  
And if any one should  
ask of me the reason  
why I wear them,  
I'll tell him 'tis to guard  
myself from these  
garotting thieves.

Last night in walking  
home a skulking  
vagrabond addressed  
me,  
Says he, "Pray, what 's  
o'clock?" and, not  
intending any pun,  
Full in his ugly face I  
let out my left, and  
floored him,  
Observing as I did so,  
"My dear friend, it 's  
just struck one!"

So, ruffians all, take warning now, and keep respectful distance,  
Or a bullet or a bowie-knife clean through your ribs I'll send:  
Well armed, we'll straightway shoot or stab the rascal who attacks us,  
If SIR GEORGE GREY won't protect us, why, ourselves we must defend.

#### ROYAL SPANISH BRASS.

IRELAND has long, with some reason, enjoyed a peculiar celebrity.  
The poet sings of

"Hibernia, famed, 'bove every other grace,  
For matchless intrepidity of face."

The effrontery, regarded as rather a natural characteristic of the Irish,  
is well understood to be entirely peculiar to the sons, and quite other-  
wise than distinctive of the daughters, of Erin. This consideration

prevents us from asking whether the QUEEN OF SPAIN has any Irish  
element in that azure fluid which circulates in her Royal system, since  
it was possible for her Catholic Majesty to utter, before the Cortes the  
other day, the following words, which were put into her Royal mouth  
by her Ministers:—

"In continuing the system already commenced of liberty and toleration, and of  
the sincere execution of the constitutional law; in accustoming the different classes  
of society to the exercise of the rights which raise their dignity; and in inculcating  
on all the principles of morality and of Christian religion, Heaven, witnessing our  
conduct, will deign to bless the efforts made."

For example, Heaven will deign to bless the efforts made, on a system  
of liberty and toleration, to convince MANUEL MATAMORAS and his  
companions, by punishing them with penal servitude, of the error which  
they have committed in reading the Bible. On this mode of inculcating  
the principles of morality and the Christian religion, the constitutional  
Queen of Spain has the face to say that she expects the blessing  
of Heaven. What a face it must be! One for which the best pos-  
sible cosmetic, if it wanted such a thing, would surely be vitriol—  
the fluid commonly used to clean bronzon utensils; a wash that, if strong  
enough, might bring some little colour into the cheeks which it purified.

The Spanish Sovereign, on the part of her Government, also informed  
her faithful Cortes, that she implored Divine goodness to hear their  
prayers "to bring about a cessation of the tribulations of the Sovereign  
Pontiff." This consummation which she so devoutly wishes, might  
possibly be expedited if the Sovereign Pontiff would bestir himself  
to put a stop to the tribulations of other people, such as MATAMORAS,  
ALHAMA, and their partners in suffering for conscience' sake, who are per-  
secuted in accordance with the system of liberty and toleration which  
exists in Spain under the sanction of that priesthood of whom the Pope  
is the head. As long as persecution exists in a popish country unre-  
buked by the Pope, civilised Europe will be of opinion that the Holy  
Father's tribulations ought to cease only in their accomplishment by  
the exoneration of his Holiness from the cares of temporal power.  
Whereas a restoration of the papal sovereignty over the whole of the  
Roman states is probably that cessation of the tribulations of the  
Sovereign Pontiff which is implored in the orisons of that unblushing  
Queen of persecutors, the Catholic ISABELLA THE SECOND.

#### Died of Overwork—a Sewing Machine.

THIS Sewing Machine was alive, and died because it could not com-  
pete with other sewing machines that didn't require feeding, nor  
clothing, and could live rent free. In other words, this sewing machine  
was a poor Shirt-maker.





### DETERMINED ATTEMPT AT GAROTTING,

ON A PRIVATE GENTLEMAN, IN BROAD DAYLIGHT, ON HIS OWN GROUNDS. DESPERATE RESISTANCE OF THE VICTIM.

[N.B. The above is well authenticated, and not got up by penny-a-liners to alarm the public.

### A COURT FOR FOOLS.

It appears to *Mr. Punch* that the Police Magistrates of the present day have, thanks to garotters and other missionaries and evidences of civilisation, almost enough to do, without being called upon to sit in judgment in cases where abject folly complains of tempted knavery. He scarcely ever takes up a newspaper without finding a report of a case in which some Downright Ass comes before a Magistrate to make a statement which, so far from entitling the complainant to pity, would really justify the worthy Bench in deciding that a Fool's Cap be placed upon the plaintiff's head, and that he be summarily kicked out of court. But, as mildness is the fashion of the day, and as Sir GEORGE GREY thinks that a remonstrance is the severest treatment which a ruffian should receive, it would not do to be dreadfully harsh with idiots. Therefore *Mr. Punch* proposes that a sort of Court of Ease be established, in relief of the Police Magistrates, and that the Judge of this Court be empowered to deal with cases which ought not to impede the legitimate business of the regular tribunals. To this Court of Fools *Mr. Punch* proposes that all complainants be sent whose allegations begin in this way, or at all like it:—

"I was looking over London Bridge, staring at the steamboats, and a decent young man next me made a remark as I answered. We then thought we would have a glass of ale together, and while we were taking it at a house he recommended, there came in another man, who had some ale too, and said he had got more sovereigns than anybody in the place. Now I had twenty-three pounds; so," &c.

"I was looking at some billiard playing at the Shark and Blubber tavern, and made an observation about the play, when a man near me said I was quite right, and he could see I was a judge of the game, and if I liked to see some really fine play, and not like that of these fools, he would show me some. We went, and he stood a glass of brandy and water. It tasted rather," &c.

"Seeing a crowd in the street round a horse that had fallen, I pushed in of course; not that I could be of any use, but I thought I had

as good a right to look as anybody. The fellows were clumsy at it, and I said so. A man said that he agreed, and that it was a shame to see a noble animal like a horse ill treated. We had a little talk, and he said he must go for his horse, and he should be proud to show it me, as I seemed to know how horses should be handled. We went a long way, and at last he took me into a dark stable, and then a man got up from the straw, and before I could speak I was knocked down," &c.

"Feeling hungry, I went into a coffee shop, and while I was having a bit a man asked me if I minded his sitting opposite. I said no, and he ordered something, and said he was waiting for a friend, who was the son of a clergyman, and in a bit of trouble, but they hoped to make all right, and his friend had gone to see a rich relation and ask for a loan. I said I hoped he would get it. Presently the clergyman's son came in, quite delighted like, and said that his uncle had been very kind, had reproved his follies, and had stood a twenty-pound note, which was more than he wanted. He was anxious about getting it changed, as a bill had to be taken up to save his honour, and as the landlord hadn't it, and time pressed, and he said he would give half a sovereign to save that day, I thought I would," &c.

Now that is the class of Idiot who, *Mr. Punch* thinks, ought not to be allowed to waste the time of MR. MANFIELD, MR. ARNOLD, or MR. KNOX. But as justice ought to be done to everybody, there should be a special Court for such matters, and when a booby presents himself before a Police Magistrate, and begins in the above fashion, any of those gentlemen, or their colleagues, should be able to cut him short—"Go to the Court for Fools." Not that we would punish the knaves a bit the less (unless SIR GEORGE GREY particularly wished it) but that we consider a Court of Justice to be a tribunal for men, and not a refuge for Donkeys.

### OUR COMPLIMENT FROM GREECE.

BRITANNIA presents her compliments to France and Russia, and begs them to observe that Honesty is the best Foreign Policy.

PUNCH, OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI.—DECEMBER 20, 1862.



DIOGENES RESUMES HIS SEARCH FOR AN HONEST MAN—1862.





## "REMEMBER THE G'ROTTER!"

A CHRISTMAS CAROL.

REMEMBER, remember, the first of November,  
Slippery, sludgy, and fog;—  
For I see good reason why this glummy season  
Should keep us in pocket and "tog."  
Hurrah!  
Then a squeeze and a shake for SIR GEORGE'S sake!  
A squeeze of the gorge for the friends of SIR GEORGE!  
Hip, Hip, Hurrah!  
Remember, remember, the last of November,—  
Old Bailey and sentences long,—  
If we drop upon BRAMWELL, it's queer but he'll clam well;  
He gave it our pals hot and strong.  
Then Hurrah!  
For a twist and a wrench for the cock of the Bench!  
A jolly good shake for Judge BRAMWELL'S sake!  
Hurrah!  
All hail to November!—But welcome December,  
For we'll "put the hug on" yer yet;  
So the shiners are swagg'd, we don't care if we're lagg'd,  
A ticket-of-leave we shall get.  
Hurrah!  
Then a twist and a hug for the Londoner's lug!  
A jolly good squeeze for the Cockney's wheeze!  
Hurrah!

Chorus.

A cord, a cord,  
For Beggar and Lord,  
A trusty steel to poke him;  
An "Indian Claw,"  
To fracture his jaw,  
And a jolly good squeeze to choke him!

## PROTECTION FOR CABBY.

THE demands of the Cabmen for the redress of their grievances are now before us in the *Express*. So modest and moderate are they, that the subjoined quotations of them will doubtless be supposed to be the offspring of our jocular fancy. But, in sober seriousness, the Cabmen, represented by their delegates in a meeting at the Whittington Club, actually propose the introduction, into an amended Hackney Carriage Act, of a series of clauses, which we proceed to state, with the necessary explanations:—

"1. The present *6d.* hiring to be abolished, and no driver to be compelled to let his cab for less than 1s., but to be bound to go two miles for that sum if required."

This stipulation may be admitted to be based upon a reasonable sense of the dignity of a Cabman's profession. To be sure, by the rule of vulgar arithmetic, as two miles are to one shilling, so is one mile to sixpence. But sixpence is certainly a small sum, and a Cabman has as much a right to decline such a fee, as a physician has to refuse half-a-guinea.

"2. The metal badge now worn by drivers to be abolished, it being no proof that the driver wearing it is the person duly licensed, and that in its place a certificate, containing a description of the person licensed, be given to every driver on receiving his licence which he shall produce when called upon to do so."

A most considerate proposal. The Cabmen find that the badge now worn by drivers does not prove in practice a sufficient means for the identification and citation before a Magistrate of any member of their body who now and then happens to disgrace it by extortion and insolence. The proposed Certificate will ensure that desirable object. Only, because the study of the Cabman's features, and the comparison of them with a written description, would take some time, that document had better be accompanied with a *carte de visite*.

"3. No driver to be deemed plying for hire unless standing upon some place authorised by the Police Commissioner."

This article, to be duly appreciated, must be considered in connection with the next:—

"4. That all special agreements between hirers and drivers be binding on both parties."

A Railway Station is private property, and Cabs are authorised to stand there by the Railway Company, and not by the Commissioner of Police. A driver not deemed plying for hire might pick and choose his fares. If any special agreement which he might make with a hirer were binding on both parties, he would have to be content with any

remuneration which a railway traveller had engaged to give him, however inadequate and calculated on a mistake as to distance.

"5. That the distance of four miles from Charing Cross be assumed by the road instead of the radius."

In that case the Cabman would be enabled to display his honesty by always going the shortest way.

"6. 7. 8. That children be charged for as upon railways. That all packages be charged 2d. each. That all dogs carried in or outside a cab be charged at the rate of 6d. each."

At present an infant, a cigar-case, and a terrier, are so many objects which would afford a Cabman merely an arbitrary pretext for asking sixpence each; altogether eighteen-pence. The proposed enactment would legalise the charge and exempt it from the stigma of ridiculous extortion.

"9. That any driver proving his case before a Magistrate, shall receive compensation for himself and witnesses."

An admirable arrangement for proving the Cabman's case under any circumstances whatever.

"10. 11. 12. That every driver shall receive notice of the uniform of his cab or horse for public work before becoming liable to prosecution. That none but hirers be empowered to prosecute in any dispute between themselves and cabs. That a cheap power of appeal be granted from magisterial decisions."

The foregoing provisions are so many devices for facilitating the legal settlement of disputes between Cabmen and hirers. This, in particular, is much impeded by those lawyers whom prosecutors now generally employ instead of conducting their own cases against defendant Cabmen.

"13. That when any hirer refuses to pay his fare or to make compensation for any damage to a cab, the driver to have the power to compel him to go to the nearest station-house, where he shall deposit the amount of such fare, or give security, previous to going before a Magistrate."

The last regulation, if adopted, would have the happy effect of preventing the imposition which is too often practised on Cabmen by persons calling themselves gentlemen, who happen to be in haste to catch a train. Altogether, the proposed improvements of the Hackney Carriage Act, above-quoted, will, if effected, obviously tend to the comfort and accommodation of a class of men for whom the community ought to exist, and will, at least, set some limit to the insolence and imposition which Cabmen have too generally to put up with on the part of the Public.

## REAL ROGUES AND SHAM REFORMERS.

WHAT is reformation? Can a thief when shut up in a prison, where he cannot steal, really give a proof that he is a reformed man, and is proof against temptation to go and pick a pocket? We see gaol-birds set at liberty before their sentences are out, and if we ask the reason we are told it's their "good conduct." But so far as thieving goes, how can any thief act wrong in a gaol, where he has no chance of thieving? To say he is reformed is to jump to a conclusion which cannot, it is clear, be logically reached. You might as well cage up a magpie and say he is reformed, because, being so confined, he has not stolen anything. How BILL SYKES must chuckle as he takes his ticket of leave to think that he is viewed as a really reformed character? What a pleasure it must be to a pickpocket in quod to think that by his abstinence from thieving while in prison he may begot the fond belief that he is to be trusted! To test whether a rogue be in reality reformed, he ought to be so placed that he may give vent to his roguery; and until there be steps taken somehow to provide such tests, we shall put very little faith in the so-called reformations, for which we have to thank our Ticket-of-leave system, and which increase our risk of being robbed and murdered in the streets.

## DENOMINATIONAL DISTINCTIONS.

THE REV. JAMES CRONSHAW writes to SIR J. KAY SHUTTLEWORTH to ask whether it would be better to have "Denominational," or "Mixed" Sewing Schools in Manchester. What, next in the way of Sectarian classification? Regiments, perhaps, formed each of a peculiar sect; denominational corps. There is a precedent for it in the Cameronians. We might have Muggletonians as well; Methodist Brigades, Baptist Battalions, General and Particular, Light and Heavy Independent Dragoons, Supra and Infra-Lapsarian Calvinist Lancers, Unitarian Hussars, Roman Catholic Artillery, Evangelical Engineers, and Puseyite Sappers and Miners. To these might be added an Ebenezer Squadron, and Little Bethel and Salem Divisions. There would be small difficulty in organising denominational troops of all kinds, except one, a force derived from the Society of Friends: no denomination but the Quakers objecting to destroy their fellow men. If there are to be Denominational Sewing Schools, there might also as well be Denominational Prisons, where convicts might pick oakum exclusively with brethren of their special denomination, instead of performing hard labour, as they do now, under the general denomination of rogue; for there are, unfortunately, too many rogues of all denominations.



A PRACTICAL APPLICATION OF AN OLD PANTOMIME JOKE.

"What's o'clock, you Scamp? Just struck One."

## A NICE FOOTMAN FOR A SMALL PARTY!

How we wish that we had lots of money and were living in Bengal! Wouldn't we just rush to Raneemoody Lane and beg to see the gentleman who puts this notice in the *Hurkaroo* a short while since:

FOR SALE, at No. 3, Raneemoody Lane,  
AN ENORMOUS ORANGOUTANG, (or commonly called a Man of the Woods,) brought from "Java." This animal is quite tame, and has been taught to dance, play on a Bamboo Flute many savage tunes, also many wonderful tricks with Bamboos, and plays games of all kinds to perfection, dressed in savage costume, and can wait at the Table, and is also able to dress gentlemen and attend to them at the Toilet.

What a charming creature! Oh, how we long to have him! What a nice surprise we should provide for our old uncle, when he next comes to dine with us, by dressing up this monkey in a footman's livery and getting him to come in with the soup and wait at table! How delightful it would be too, when dressing for a party, to have this hairy Valet to attend us at the toilet! Wouldn't he just curl our hair and brush our clothes for us—and then probably proceed to tear them all to bits and throw the brushes through the looking-glass, or perhaps into the street.

## MAGNI EST VERITAS.

Our fair friend the *Reading Girl* (it may not be generally known that what she is reading so intently is *Punch*, though perhaps it is obvious that anything less absorbing would have failed to fix even a statue's attention while a million of people were crowding round her) has actually got into Chancery. Somebody who calls himself a cousin of HER MAJESTY, but who has followed the modest occupation of assistant to photographers, has been surreptitiously translating her graces into piratical pictures. Wood, however, comes to the rescue of Marble, and VICE-CHANCELLOR Wood has stopped the unlawful process, at the suit of the young lady's "next friend and guardian," MR. NOTTAGE. As a girl of that age can't be too particular what Company she keeps, we are glad to see that she is to keep to the Stereoscopic Company. *Mr. Punch* takes so much interest in her as his most Constant Reader, that he rejoices at her now being a lesson not only to sculptors but to pirates.

## FRENCH AND ENGLISH BUILDING.

ANOTHER street of palace-domes  
Is added to the outward splendour  
Of Paris, rivalling old Rome's  
For which Rome freedom did surrender.  
Alas, how London lags behind!  
Cry some, our humble structures scorning;  
But here a man may speak his mind,  
And *Punch* tells truth without a warning.

True, Paris is the finest place  
In Europe and the world, to look at;  
At none folks play with truer grace,  
None do they better dance and cook at.  
In most fine arts they much excel;  
No finery than theirs is finer;  
But we in greater freedom dwell,  
Though our magnificence is minor.

While France in building leads the way,  
Behold, by general resolution,  
What homage Greece unites to pay  
The fabric of our Constitution.  
That edifice, which praise has won  
From such an unexpected quarter,  
We Britons would exchange for none  
The proudest pile of stone and mortar.

## Great Theatrical Sensation.

(A Prophecy.)

THE French version of the *Battle of Waterloo* is produced at Drury Lane, and meets with the greatest success. We need not say it is brought out as a burlesque, and is received throughout with shouts of laughter. The *dénouement*, in which the French win the battle, is pronounced to be one of the greatest bits of fun since the days of *Mother Goose*.

REFUTATION OF AN OLD SAYING IN FAVOUR OF A COMMISSIONER-AIRIE WITH A WOODEN LEG.—"*Ex quo vis ligno At Mercurius.*"

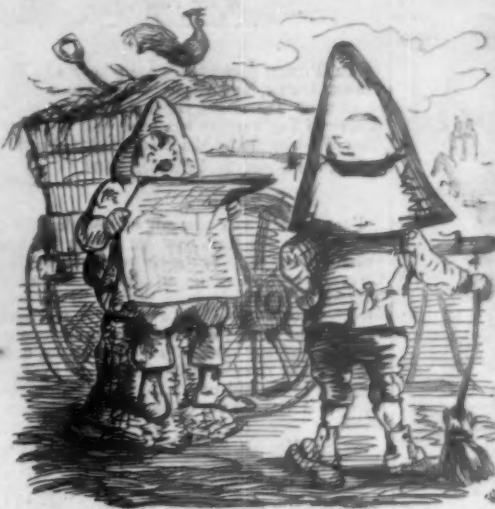
## ANOTHER OF OUR BULWARKS GOING.

WHAT is the use of a jury? it may possibly be asked, when nearly every week one sees that the verdict of a jury, by appeal to the Home Secretary, has been set aside. We used to boast that trial by jury was one of the chief bulwarks of the British Constitution: but while Home Secretaries pooh-pooh our juries as they do, we think that such a bulwark is at best a rather shaky one. Serving on a jury is not a pleasant occupation, and is quite a waste of time when verdicts are ignored as they recently have been. If further evidence be furnished, to prove the innocence of a prisoner, the new trial should take place before the jury who found guilty: so that they, if they think proper, may themselves reverse their verdict. Trial by SIR GEORGE GREY is not trial by a jury: and it is by jury-trial that all persons who are charged with being felons should be tried. We Britons often boast about our "twelve men in a box": but while their decisions are pooh-poohed by higher powers, twelve men in an omnibus might talk about the case, and their verdict in the matter would do every whit as well.

## EXTRAORDINARY EXHIBITION.

THE Dividend of three per cent. that has just been declared by the Crystal Palace Company, having not less than eight per cent. for the entire year, will shortly be exhibited at Sydenham. The court, selected to display it, will be the Alhambra, as being the best adapted to the marvellous nature of the exhibition. MR. BOWLER, the sleepless secretary, says it will be the greatest novelty ever yet shown within the walls of Penge Palace. He doubts whether BLOXIN ever would be able to mount as high as this Dividend in safety, or without running imminent risk of falling half way in the perilous ascent. There will be an additional attraction about this extraordinary exhibition consisting in the fact that very few shareholders will believe it until they see it. The thousands that will be thus attracted by curiosity to the spot, it will be impossible to calculate. We only hope, for the benefit of an institution which is most admirably conducted, and which should be a source of honest pride to the country that has produced it, that a like Exhibition may be repeated for many lustres to come, and that the shareholders may take a deeper interest in it every year.

## FLAGELLATION FOR FLAGRANT OFFENCES.

*Epistle Extraordinary from an Ex-Boatswain to Governor Punch.*

claims him As his parquaisite. well! I gives him Up 'cause Obedience to the law Is my Motto: but I am Savagely roth to Do it And why? 'cause I had made up My mind to take The willin home, and 'minister to his callous Back 6 dozen Lashes with the Cat, which Hangs over the mantle piece in My back Kitchen, and which Has been there ever Since I retired

DMIED GUVNOR,—2 year Ago come next jennywery I were going Down larkall Lane to my house At batter Sea at 8 bells post Meridien when A Misscreant attempts To garot Me but Fails 'cause just As he were about To put The hug on, I sudenly Swings back my rite Heel, and inflicts Such a wound Upon the sharp Bone of his shin, that he lets go with A Howl that you might Have heered at your shop in fleet Street—and may Be You did. just at that Junction, another Misscreant comes forward, And aims A hit at Me with A jummy, which Howsomever I wards off with my Stick and makes The willin bite The gravel at my Feet. Leaving him To his reflexions I lays Hold of the last Misscreant who hasn't Done rubbing his shin, and am Walking him off when Unluckly to My great surprise a policeman appears And

from Active Service. well! this willin Is tried at the old baily, and Gets what?—4 years Peenal Servitood, and very pleased he and his Friends were, You may Be sure at his getting Off so cheap.

"last monday Night as I were going down lark all lane that Same highdential willin again Pounces on Me. agin I collars him Agin policeman X. I comes Up and demands his Parquaisite —agin I Am disapinted, feeling assured That Willing at the old baily Will triumph and justice Be made A larding stock off. I'll wager a lb. of hacco to a penny Segar, that if that big ruffyan hadn't Been taken Out of My hands on the fast occasion he Would never Have 'tempted to Garot me a 2nd Time.

"what I wants You to Do, Gaynor Punch—you can doo anythink—is to ara, sir george gray, if he's Afeard to give these Grotters a little Bitt of whipcord himself to Let them do it as isn't. we've tried The peting and codlin sistem Long enuff. when I hears of A grotter I think Of them lines in Shakspear, what I heered wunce at Portsmouth the-atre where he Says he'd Put in every honest hand A whip And laah The rascal naked through The world.

"I inklose my kard (the ace of spades with My name writ through The illustration) that You may have okular Demonstration of My Worselity.

"Yours, &c.,

"BEN. SCOREWELL,

"late of H. M. S. *Elan*."

"p. s. he as Good as too return my kard—otherways it will Spoile the pack."

## THE NAME OF THE BOULEVARD.

To Mr. Punch.

"SIR, "CONSIDERABLE and lamentable misapprehension having been found to exist in reference to the name of the new and beautiful Boulevard, so touchingly inaugurated by his IMPERIAL MAJESTY, on Sunday week, I invite you to offer to the English people the following correct version of the EMPEROR's speech on that occasion. I transmit this document to yourself, who are above all suspicion, as since that little affair of the *Morning Chronicle*, the British papers have become unfortunately sensitive.

"Receive the assurances of my most distinguished consideration,

"Paris, Dec. 16th."

"DROUYN DE LHUYS,

"Minister for Foreign Affairs."

## THE EMPEROR'S SPEECH.

In resolving to dedicate this new and noble Boulevard to the memory of PRINCE EUGENE, I have been actuated by considerations which will recommend themselves to the heart of every Frenchman.

It has been circulated that I had intended our new Boulevard should bear the name of a PRINCE EUGENE who was a member of my own family, and whose image for that reason, as well as for more obvious ones, must be dear to the people of France.

This is a total and complete error.

I inscribe upon this beautiful Boulevard the name of PRINCE EUGENE; but it is the name of one who has otherwise made his mark upon French history.

THE PRINCE EUGENE of our new thoroughfare was born in the year 1663, and after a military apprenticeship passed in services against the Turks, was sent by the EMPEROR LEOPOLD THE FIRST with an army into Italy. A French army happened also to be in Italy, for such things will happen, and PRINCE EUGENE defeated our generals in July and September 1701, and in February 1703 took prisoner our celebrated VILLEROI. In 1704, PRINCE EUGENE gained the Battle of Blenheim (an English commander named MARLBOROUGH rendering him some slight co-operation), and subsequently the Prince won the Battle of Savoy, and compelled the French to evacuate Italy, a course, therefore, on their part, for which there is precedent. He obtained a variety of other successes over the flag of France, and was fighting us on the Rhine, another suggestive remembrance, so late as 1734, but died covered with glory two years later.

I have stated these facts because the history of PRINCE EUGENE has been, for reasons, more carefully preserved and studied by our affectionate neighbours across the Channel than by ourselves, and it may

not be so familiar to all of you as the deeds of commanders who have fled from before the French banners. For the same reason, and because I do not find that our own memoirs do sufficient justice to the personal appearance of the Prince (a statue by one of our noblest sculptors shall shortly redress that injury), I will translate to you a few lines from a classic work of extraordinary repute among our neighbours, and called the *Spectator*.

The editor of that work had beheld PRINCE EUGENE when on a visit to London, and a celebrated English statesman (and friend of the editor), SIR ROGER DE COVERLEY, had been enchanted with him, and declared him "a greater man than SCANDERBEG." The *Spectator* says, "The Prince is of that stature which makes a man most easily become all parts of exercise: has height to be graceful on occasions of state and ceremony, and no less adapted for agility and dispatch; his aspect is erect and composed, his eye lively and thoughtful, yet rather vigilant than sparkling."

The English, who have few heroes, make the most of those few, and are never tired of singing their praises and christening linendrapers' shops after them. The distinguished BYRON must drag in the name of the Prince into a tale,

"CORRODIO, he whose closing scene Adorned the triumph of EUGENE."

And the remarkable SOUTHEY, in a foolish poem tending to disgust mankind with the legitimate glories of war, says—

"Great praise the DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH won, And our good PRINCE EUGENE."

Now it will be asked why I have chosen to dwell upon the military exploits and fame of a Prince whose laurels were gained at the expense of our own.

I reply, because a Napoleonic Idea has been carried out.

Blenheim is avenged.

PRINCE EUGENE won Blenheim, but what follows?

PRINCE EUGENE was the PRINCE OF SAVOY.

Savoy is a Province of France.

To the memory therefore of PRINCE EUGENE, of France and Savoy, I dedicate this beautiful Boulevard.

The EMPEROR then retired amid the cheers of the multitudes, the bands playing "*Malbrook*."

"SWEET SOUNDS."—MILLE PATRI is giving, with the greatest success, a series of performances at Paris. A celebrated Critic says, "Her singing is full of so much lightness and sweetness, that the series promises to be quite a vocal *Patri-erie*."





## LESSONS IN POLITICAL ECONOMY.

DIVISION OF LABOUR.

*"Billy, you go and beat away the naughty Wasps, while I eat the Sugar."*

## COPY OF CORRESPONDENCE.

*Presented to both Houses of Congress by Command of Mr. Punch.*

1.

MR. PUNCH presents his compliments to PROFESSOR OWEN, and requests the favour of his opinion on the accompanying specimen of an American Eagle which has been sent to Mr. P. from Washington by MR. SECRETARY CHASE. 85, Fleet Street, 30th October, 1862.

2.

PROFESSOR OWEN presents his compliments to Mr. Punch. He fears that Mr. Punch has been grossly deceived. The specimen sent by MR. CHASE is not an eagle at all, but a turkey-buzzard, as is conclusively proved by its green back. PROFESSOR OWEN will take it as a particular favour if Mr. Punch will be kind enough not to send any more of such specimens, or he will be under the necessity of returning them, as they are in too bad odour to be easily disposed of, and it is quite out of the question to keep them.

*British Museum, 28th November, 1862.*

3.

MR. PUNCH presents his kind compliments to PROFESSOR OWEN, and, in thanking him for the information he has been so good as to furnish, begs to assure him that he (Mr. P.) had not been deceived at all, or he would have had the creature stuffed for Mrs. P.'s collection, instead of sending it to the British Museum. Mr. P. begs to assure the Professor, that he is a great deal too wide awake to mistake such a "varmint," or indeed any other kite that MR. CHASE might fly, for the genuine Gold Eagle, which was once the pride of America.

*85, Fleet Street, 29th November, 1862.*

WHY's a conjuring trick like the rejection of a suitor? Because it's sleight of hand.

## PRACTICAL FAITH OR FRENZY?

We should like to have the opinion of the British Judges and the Colleges of Physicians and Surgeons on the question of the sanity or insanity of a convict whose case is subjoined. The man's name is MIRAFEIN; a short time since he received sentence of death for two murders committed at Segalada in Spain. Against this judgment the prisoner's counsel appealed, on the ground that his client had acted under the influence of monomania. The case having been referred to the Academy of Sciences, the decision of the referees was that the prisoner had committed the crimes of which he had been found guilty while labouring under a religious homicidal monomania, and was not responsible for his actions. The newspaper paragraph whence the foregoing particulars are derived, thus relates the facts on which the conclusion of the man's insanity was founded:—

"From the statement of the public prosecutor, it appears that the prisoner had long been tormented with apprehensions that he should die in mortal sin, for want of the usual religious ceremonies before his death; but, having reflected that condemned criminals were always prepared to die as Christians, he resolved to secure to himself the same advantage. He accordingly purchased a knife, and stabbed one of his friends at a coffee-house. He then took to flight, but fearing that the wound he had given might not prove fatal, he resolved to commit another murder; and after having realised his purpose on the person of a young man whom he met in the street, he delivered himself up to the police. The Court has now annulled the previous sentence, and ordered the prisoner to be confined to a lunatic asylum for life."

Where was the monomania? We think HER MAJESTY'S Judges would say that, in doing the above-mentioned murders, for the reasons above stated, MIRAFEIN knew very well what he was about. The Faculty, we suppose, would unanimously agree that, in committing those acts, he proceeded upon a perfectly logical deduction from his premises. If he was mad, then, his madness lurked in the belief of those premises. But the Spanish Academy of Sciences should not have called it a monomania. Is it not, if a mania, a mania in which some—how many?—170,000,000 human beings—is not that the number?—are supposed to believe? It would please us to ask CARDINAL WISEMAN and

WESTBURY, C.; FATHER NEWMAN and DR. FORBES WINSLOW; DR. MANNING and DR. TUCKER, to dine with us at the Star and Garter at Richmond, and argue out this interesting case of orthodox Romanism or raving madness, over a sufficiency of claret after dinner.

## OUR OFFENCE TO THE YANKEES.

WHILE wrath distorts thy visage lank and haggard,  
Why grin at me, and glare with evil eye?  
Why, in the strain of a malignant blackguard,  
JONATHAN, threaten and revile me—why?  
Why so vindictive is your roaring flood  
Of foul abuse? What have I done, that makes  
You keep declaring that you'll have my blood  
More venomous in spite than maddened snakes?

Not I your landmarks have removed, nor when  
You were hard pressed in battle for the right,  
A quarrel for a few enlisted men  
Did I pick with you, and impede your fight.  
Ah! those are wrongs by which one might be driven  
To menace, rail, and vow revenge like you.  
Such injuries are not to be forgiven  
To those who suffer them by those who do.

## The Right Man in the Right Place.

WE see that our old BARON MUNCHAUSEN, who has long been lying unknown, is about to be translated into French. We beg to recommend as the very best editor of the work, MONSIEUR THIERS. In fact, if it were published as a continuation of his *Histoire du Consulat et de l'Empire*, we are convinced that most of its subscribers would not be able to tell the difference.